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FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I. FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, NOVEMBER 26, 1853. NUMBER 44.

Poetry.

To an Absent Partner.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall,
In green Bengalia's palmy grove,
Listening the night in gale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almerah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,
Across the dark, blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

Miscellaneous.

Life at the Five Points.

THE HALF ORPHANS.

This term is generally applied to children who have lost either father or mother, by death, and there are some very excellent charitable institutions in this City where such children are taken in and provided for in infancy, and assisted to good situations in youth, so that they may not grow up, as such numbers do, to be mere vagabonds, uncared for by everybody, almost hated by all, friends to no one, perfect Ishmaelites.

Orphans, according to Webster, are children who are bereaved of parents. "*Bereaved.* Deprived of, stripped and left destitute."

Then we have a great many orphans who are not made so by death. They are deprived of parents, stripped and left destitute, more than if father and mother, or either of them were dead, for then some of our great and good charitable institutions would receive them with open arms.

The most destitute orphans are those who are bereaved of parents by the licensed orphan maker—the rumseller—of this city. Perhaps the most proper title for these would be "half orphans," for such they really are.

Of two of these, we have a little story. Only in one circumstance is it different from a thousand others. Happily for this class o half orphans, there is one institution where they find a home—where no questions are asked what made them so; only "are you destitute?—then come and share the food and shelter prepared by those

"who have a heart to feel for other woes."

During one of our visits to this institution, while sitting with the family of the Superintendant, a couple of beautiful little flaxen haired girls, perhaps four and six years old, came running into the parlor to kiss Mrs. Pease, and say good night. Three years ago, such a scene, in this room would have been the eighth wonder of the world. Then it was the home of the filthy, wretched, vicious and miserable, where half orphans were made; now it is the home of peace, hope, love and charity, to the bereaved and destitute.

We were interested at once in these sweet little children, and inquired "how came they here—who are they—where from? for evidently they are not of the ordinary Five Points class."

"I can tell you nothing about them," said Mr. Pease "or very little. A few days ago the door-keeper came up very early one morning and two gentleman wished to see me. One was so in dress and address; the other only the latter. His face and clothes told of what makes orphans.

'Sir," said the first, "I have lately read some highly interesting stories, published in the *Tribune* in which for the first time I have learned of the existance of the Five Points House of Industry, and its benevolent objects, and we have called to make some personal inquiry. This gentleman has need of some assistance."

"What is the case?"

"I have," said he "two little girls, who have no mother two take care of them; and I might say no father," said he aside, as he turned away to wipe away an unbidden tear. "I cannot tell you the whole story."

"You need not. We never inquire in this house about the past. No one is allowed to inquire what an inmate has been—only what they may be. To reform those who have been bad, the past must be forgotten. We hope all who enter here, begin a new life."

"Oh!" said he, "what a blessed idea. If I could only forget the past—the time when I was a Broadway merchant, and drank my bottle of wine at dinner—when I lived in all the domestic felicity of a happy home, with a virtuous wife and two sweet children, I might forget that I have no home now, that I am bid by my unpaid landlady, to take my brats away—that I must clear out this very day, that I can never have another mouthful in her house. Oh! can I ever forget that I have fallen so low as to beg charity for my worse than motherless children?"

"Then their mother is living?"

"I do not know. I have not seen her for a year. I have heard of her not long ago, but she is not fit to be a mother to two such children. She left me, and her two little girls, for a life of drunkenness and misery. She is worse than dead to them. I need not tell you what I am. If you will take my children and take care of them, I will go and bring them directly. I have nothing to give, but I hope those who have will increase their charity enough to keep my poor children from starving."

"Have they no relation who would take care of them?"

"Relations? Yes, Sir, among the rich and proud of the city. I too, am proud, if I am degraded. I can bear degradation, but I could not bear to think my children were the paupers of my own brother, or any relative who would remind them of their degrated father, or tell them perhaps, as they met a ragged woman, staggering through the streets, 'that is your mother.' Never, Sir, never."

"Well, then, bring them here. You need not tell your name, or theirs. Only promise me one thing: that you will reform yourself, or, at least, try to do it, so that you can once more be a father to your children."

"I intend to, or never see them. They shall never be ashamed of a drunken father. They will never know their mother. She does not know where they are, never will know. I will leave the city to-day. I intend to get away from old associates, and out of sight of the open places of temptation that do nothing but drag me down."

So he went away and brought the two children, pressed them to his bosom, shed tears over them, called upon God to bless them and those who took care of them, and said good-bye, and went away with a tear in his eye, and a prayer in his heart, and nothing has been heard of him since.

We became much interested in the two "half orphans," and noticed them as the pets of the missionary family, in our frequent visits. At our last one, we missed them from the family circle, and inquired.

"What has become of—we will call them Julia and Lizzie?"

"Oh! have you not been here since?"

"Since what? Have they gone away? Has the father been back."

"No, they are here. But such a circumstance has happened. It is remarkable. Do you remember talking to a miserable woman in the streets, one night, not long ago, whom you thought disposed to repentance, and whom you directed to come here?"

"Well, I might. I do pass a word with such occasionally. Oh, yes I remember now, a middle-aged woman who told me a long tale about her husband and children, and how she used to drink, and her husband threatened to leave her, and how he drank, and then she followed him to a house where no man should ever go, and then in a fit of drunken desperation find jealousy plunged into a career of vice, and how, after months of such life, her husband turned her out of doors, took her children away where she could not see them—never has seen them—and how the villain who had enticed her forsook her and left her to be turned out of the house where he had taken her to board, and how she sunk down to a degree so low as to beg for rum of the most abandoned rumhole keepers of the city, who would get her drunk to exhibit her as a 'model artist' in a back room, to draw customers to their pandemonium—a place licensed as a 'model house of accommodation for travelers.' And finally she said she had drunk the very dregs of the bitter cup of sin, and if she could only see her children once more she would be willing to die—she did not wish to live to disgrace them, but she could not die till she had seen them again. And then I told her to reform repent sincerely, and try to get back again to the condition of life which she had fallen from, and Providence would perhaps point out a way for her to find her children.

"How can I reform? Who will help me to reform? Who will take me to their house, unless it is a house of infamy? Every other door is bolted and barred against me. I cannot reform in the street. I can go to no place where I should not be told every day what a miserable drunken wicked woman I have been, making me feel constantly as though I was unfit to live, and making me wish I was dead."

"Yes, there is one place where you can go where the question never will be asked you who you are, what you have been, where you came from, only, 'do you sincerely wish to reform?' if you do, you will be clothed, and washed, and fed, and given employment, until you can live without such care, and then you shall have a place in the country, away from city temptation, among strangers, who shall never know that you have been one of the city's unfortunates."

"Where, where, where? Oh, tell me where? Let me go there. I will reform. I will make myself a new character, that my children shall not be ashamed of, and then I will hope—yes, I may then hope, perhaps accidently to meet them in the street some day. Perhaps their father, if he has not become as bad as their mother, may consent to let me see them once, only once. Pray tell me where to go, and God will bless you for the good deed."

"There take that card. In the morning go to No. 2 Little Water-st., and ask to see that man; he is a missionary to the heathen of that desert which we permit to exist in the very heart of this Christian city. Tell him what you have told me, and see what he will do for you."

Well she came. I was busy writing in the front room. Breakfast had just been cleared away. Julia and Lizzie were busy at play in the dining room. A boy came up, and said a woman wanted to see me. "What sort of a woman?"

"A very common sort, sir; she looks as though she might have walked the streets all night, and wants some breakfast. She has been crying too. She is crying now, and she says she wants to see you herself; the gentleman who told her to come here, said she must see you. Perhaps his name is on the card."

"Yes, yes, send her up—send her up. Let her sit in the dining room till I finish my letter. If she is hungry we must feed her." So she came up and sat down in that chair by the door, and looked down as though afraid that some one might see her face, and remember it. She said she was not very hungry, but owned that she had eaten no breakfast; in fact nothing for two days. While that was preparing, the children went on with their play. At the sound of their voices, and laughing, the woman started, looked, rubbed her eyes, gave a little scream, sprang across the room, and clasped them in her arms crying, "Oh my God, my God, hast thou brought me to my children?"

"For a moment we were alarmed. We thought, perhaps, it was some crazed mother, who had lost her own, and would be a mother to any others. The youngest was frightened. The oldest stood for a moment after the woman let loose her first embrace, and looked at her, and spoke one word, and rushed back to her arms. That word was Mother! Yes, it was her mother—her not yet forgotten mother—come back to her, not in the garb to be sure, in which she was clothed at parting, but with a tear of joy in her eye, and a mother's heart in her bosom; and she was recognized by her child and her heart was melted."

Other hearts who saw the scene were melted too. Others may be who hear the story. Others have been who have since been touched with the sight of that now happy mother, living there with her dear little children. What a blessed fruit the tree of charity has produced. The mother is reformed and restored to her children. If the fruit comes to its full protection, may we not hope that the father will come to seek them, and that all will be restored to a home of happiness?

N. Y. Tribune.

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Bonnet-Street.

"Where is that?" Well, now it shows how little you know of New York, to ask where is Bonnet-st. Perhaps you thought all the bonnet stores were in Broadway, Bowery and Canal-st. You were never more mistaken; those are only the outside posts of the enemy. Yes, enemy, we speak it advisedly, enemy of man's purse and woman's happiness. If you don't believe it go to Bonnet-st. with a "hard up" pocket-book in one hand and "one of the sex" leaning upon the other; one who were those outrageous be-tinseled, be-spangled, bowed and flowered symbols of barbarism, now "the very hight of fashion," and hear her sigh for that "love of a bonnet," or this "dear little hat and feathers," or feel the sharp twinge your own conscience will give while paying for a mass of silk velvet, satin, feathers, ribbons, flowers, lace, pasteboard, wire, glass beads and tinsel, etceters, twisted, twirled, and mixed up together in all sorts of queer shapes, affording no protection to the head in rain or shine, for an hour of either will certainly spoil the thing as it would the frost spangles of a May morning.

If your purse is not almost as long as your ears, do not go to Bonnet-st. Do not trust yourself if you are a woman, more particularly a young one, and still more particularly if you are not: but have one dependant upon your small salary, even to take a walk through that street, only just to see "the fasions." It is the street of temptation. Upon one block, upon one side of the street, six thousand two hundred and thirty-three bonnets, of all conceivable colors, sizes, shapes, forms, fashions, figures and prices, except dear ones, gone are dear, that is in price, though all, are "dear sweet things" to look at will stare you in the face from every window, door counter show-case, nook or corner, tempting you to step in and just inquire the price "of that splendid plum colored satin, trimmed with domestic fowl's feathers, tipped with bugles, with the blond lace and blue bells with silver pistils, on the inside; Oh; is it not the richest thing you have seen this season? Is it dear ma'am?" "Oh no; Lord bless you, we never sold bonnets so cheap as we do this season; just now we are almost giving them away. Money is so tight in Wall-st., and we must meet our paper, you know, my husband is in Paris buying the very best articles and latest fashions. I will sell you that exceedingly rich hat for less than it actually cost."

"How much?"

"You shall have it upon my honor for just what the materials cost. I declare you shall have it for $15; that will not afford a cent of profit; nothing for making; it is a great bargain upon my word, and I will give you a box and send it home, or you had better put it on and I will send your old one home, if you care to have it; it is not of much consequnce."

No, it is not of much consequence, yet it cost seven dollars less than seven months ago.

Then the old one was taken off and the new one tried on, and the seller said:

"I declare now I have not sold a bonnet this season that fitted so well as this one. Look at her, Sir; don't you think it's becoming?"

Of course he did: he was bound to say so: she was his wife. Then she looked appealingly to him, as much as to say, oh now, do let me have it, indeed I shall never be happy without it. Then he took hold of his short purse and looked—yes he felt unhappy. What did they come to Bonnet-st. for? Unhappy street. Both are unhappy. The benevolent seller of bonnets sees how miserable she has made two fellow creatures, and her heart is touched—touched to see the new bonnet taken off and the old bonnet about to be put on.

"Oh don't do that. Don't think of such a thing, you must have it. I would sooner lose a dollar myself, yes two—there you shall have it for thirteen. Husband is about to walk off—wife lays a hand upon his arm and gives one more look, and says, "Oh, do now that's a dear soul."

Husband takes out his port-monnaie and hands it to his wife with a look that said as plain s day; I wish I had not come to Bonnet-st." Wife looks over the money. There was only $12. She is disappointed. She looks one more appeal. It is answered the least bit petulently; "I have not another dollar in the world."

The lady at her elbow has counted $12, as fast as herself, and says in the bladest tone, "I think my dear that is right. Let me see."

She wants to get the money into her hands. She does and counts it over and sighs.

"There is only $12, and really I do not know how to take that, I shall lose so much; but I will for I love to make people happy."

Happy in a bonnet store, One is made happy, while ten are miserable. One-half are miserable because they see a street full of new bonnets, and still weare the old ones: and as many more are unhappy husbands because they have to pay for the extravagance or pride of a wife, making themselves unhappy rather than see her so.

We walked along behind this couple as they walked away, and overheard him say: "Now I have not a dollar to pay our board this week."

"Well, Mrs. Smith can wait. Dear knows she makes enough, boarding us two at seven dollars a week; don't you think so?"

"No I don't."

"Well I must have a new hat, if she is never paid. And then, only think how cheap—less than cost."

"Humph!"

Just so, we thought. Humph. We did not believe a word about less than cost, so we began to cypher, and set down the items, at retail prices:

1 yard of Satin	$1 23
Head-piece and Wire frame	25
3 yards of Black Lace	83
1 yard of Blond Lace	13
1 yard of Ribbon, for strings	31
1 pair of Feather Plumes	1 75
4 pair of Wreaths	1 04
Thread	4
	$5,55
Probably paid for making	44
Loss("over the left")	$6,00

What a bargain! It is only one of the many bargains of Bonnet-st. "Less than cost!" My dear you must learn to cypher. —*N. Y. Taibune.*

—:o:—

The Pedler's Bargain.

One day a tin pedler, with an assortment of nick-nacks arrived at a village in Maine, and called at one of the houses to sell his wares. After dispising of a few articles to the lady of the house, who seemed to live in the midst of children, she declared her utter inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But, marm, ain't you got any rags?"

"None to sell."

"Well," said he, "you seem to have plenty of children. Will you sell me one for tin ware?"

"What will you give?"

"Ten dollars for one of them."

"In good tin ware?"

"Oh! yes, marm, the best."

She then handed one of the urchins to the pedler, who, surprised that the offer was accepted, yet convinced that the mother would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart and supplied the woman with tin until the $10 was made up.

The man felt certain that the mother would raise the money rather than part with her child, seated himself by the boy's side, who was much pleased at the idea of having a ride. The pedler kept his eyes on the house, expecting to see the woman hasten to redeem the little one, and rode off at a slow pace.—After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his bargain and turned back.

The woman had just finished ornamenting her dress with the tin, when the pedler returned.

"Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better take him back, and let me have the ware."

"No sir, the bargain was fair, and you shall keep it. You may go just as soon as you please."

Surprised at this, the pedler exclaimed—

"Why marm, how can you think of parting with your boy, so very young, to a stranger?"

"Oh! sir, we would like to sell off all our town paupers at the price of ten dollars per head."

The boy was dropped at the door, the whip cracked, the tin rattled, the pedler measured the ground rapidly, and he never forgot his pauper speculation.—*N. Y. Reveille.*

How Easy he Writes.—"With what ease he writes!" exclaimed a young lady, as she laid down one of Washington Irving's volumes. Straightway we made up our mind that the young lady did not know what she was talking about. If she had said "How easy it is to read his works," we might have sympathized with her amazingly. Then, finding that we could not make a satisfactory reply, without compromising our honesty, we fell to making a comparison in silence. The steamboat glides majestically and gracefully through the waters, but it is no easy power that gives to the water-traveler her steady and rapid motion. It is true she is tastefully painted and gilded; her cabins are pleasant, and her prow is decorated with specimen's of the sculptor's art. But descend with the engineer to his fiery domain; swelter there in the burning pit; see the heated grease, and listen to the bursting steam; see the tremendous dower of fire and water combined, until the strained and groaning boiler threatens to burst asunder and deluge the decks with the heated fluid. You will perceive that *ease*, although a mild and pleasing damsel, has a confounded rough old father. Little dreamed the admirer of Irving how much agonizing toil was required to beget that ease which she so much delighted in. Yet she was not alone in her error. How many a publisher thus estimates the labor of his weary author. How many a tradesman smiles at the *trifling employments* of the man of genius. We have been mad enough to eat a tripe supper, when we have heard a peasant draw an invidious comparison between himself and the poor wight whose intellect supplies him with bread. "I get my living by sweat of the brow," said he, "while you are trifling away your time with books and papers." Yes, see that pale and hungry being startle from his task by the sound of the midnight bell. See how his fingers grasp the bell convulsively, as he fears his task will not be accomplished in time—a slave to men whose pockets are better lined than their pericraniums, and who mete out to him his traveling pittance with the unwilling hand of an upper servant dealing out cold pancakes and sausage ends to a beggar. See him placing his hands upon his snapping brain as the fires of his fancy dart upon his withering soul. Yes—"how easy he writes!"—*Kidd's London Journal.*

Successful Operation.

A singular case happened a few days ago in the practice of D. A. G. Walters, of this city. George Keeny, a resident of Indianapolis, has had for the last ten years an obstruction in the vision of the right eye occasioned by the presence of a living body, which floated or moved in the liquid of the anterior of the eye. It was quite small at first, but within a year or two had increased in size and activity, so as not only to obstruct the vision, but be productive of great pain.

Two attempts had been made by eminent surgeons in Cincinnati, and Louisville, to remove it, but in vain, as the little animal succeeded in eluding capture. The patient put himself under the care of Dr. W., who succeeded in relieving him, by making an incision into the eye, only large enough to allow of the introduction of a minute pair of forceps, and carefully guarding against the escape of the aqueous humor, which baffled the other surgeons, as, when the animal found it leaving him, it shipped into the posterior of the eye, and could not be reached. He thus seized and removed it. It was a worm, about one-eighth of an inch in length, by a sixteenth; was a milky color, and very active.

After catching the worm, the Doctor was compelled to enlarge the incision on the corner, for the purpose of removing it. Cases similar to the present have been occasionally observed, and the worms are similar to those found frequently in the stomach, and sometimes, though very rarely, in the inner ear, from which, in a case in Pittsburg, Dr. W. extreated one two inches in length.

The interest of this operation is increased by the fact that the animacula had twice before eluded capture, owing to its activity in retreating its fastnesses, beyond the reach of the surgeon's instruments.—*Pittsburg Journal.*

Delights of Visiting.

What is it to go away on a visit? Well, it is to take leave of the little velvet rocking-chair, which adjusts itself so nicely to your shoulders and spinal column; to cram, jam, squeeze and otherwise compress your personal effects into an infinitessimal compass; to be shook, jolted and tossed, by turns in carriage, railroad car, and steamboat; to be deafened with the stentorian lungs of cab-drivers, draymen and porters; to clutch your baggage as if every face you saw was a highwayman, (or find yourself transported with rage, at finding it transported by steam to Greenland or Cape Horn.) It is to reach your friend's house, travel-stained, cold and weary, with an unbecoming crook in your bonnet; to be utterly unable to get the frost out of your tongue, or "the beam out of your eye," and to have the felicity of hearing some strange guest remark to your friend, as you say an early good night, "is it possible that's your friend, Miss Gray?".

It is to be ushered into the "best chamber" (always a north one) of a cold January night; to unhook your dress with stiffened digits; to find everything in your trunk but your night cap; to creep between polished linen sheets, on a concealed mattress, and listen to the chattering of your own teeth, until daylight.

It is to talk at a mark, twelve hours on the stretch; to eat and drink all sorts of things which disagree with you; to get up sham fits of enthusiasm at trifles; to learn to yawn circumspectly behind your finger-tips; to praise a spoiled child when you feel like wringing its neck; to avoid all allusions to topics unsuited to your pro. tem. latitude; to have somebody forever at your nervous elbow, trying to make you "enjoy yourself;" to laugh when you want to cry; to be loquacious when you had rather be taciturn; to have mind and body in unyielding harness, for lingering, consecutive weeks; and then invite your friends, with a hypocritical smile, to play the same farce over with you, "whenever business or pleasure calls them" to Frogtown. Fanny Fern.

Doctors.—If we examine the life of the practicing physician, we find it gilded and shining on the surface; but beneath the spangles, how much pain and hardships! The practicing physician is one of the martyrs of modern society; he drinks the cup of bitterness and empties it to the drugs. He is under the weight of an immense responsibility, and his reward is but too often injustice and ingratitude. His trials begin at the very gates of his career. He spends his youthful years in the exhausting investigation of Anatomy; he breathes the air of putrefication, and is daily exposed to all the perils of contagion.—View how in the practice of his difficult art, which he has acquired at the risk of his life! He saves or cures his patient; it is the result of chance, or else it is alledged that it is nature, and nature alone, that cures disease, and that the physician is only useful for form sake. Then, consider the mortifications he has to undergo, when he sees unblushing ignorance win the success which is denied to his learning and talents, and you will acknowledge that the trials of the physician are not surpassed in any other business of life. There is another evil the honorable physician has to contend with—a hideous and devouring evil, commenced by the world, sustained by the world, and seemingly forever more destined to be an infliction upon humanity. This evil is Quackery, which takes advantage of that deplorable instinct which actually seeks falsehood and prefers it to truth. How often do we see the shameless and ignorant speculator arrest the public attention, and attain fortune while neglect, obscurity, and poverty are the portion of the modest practioner, who has embraced the profession of medicine with conscientiousness, and cultivates it with dignity and honor.—*Prof. Carnochan.*

☞ What absurd ideas sometimes get into the head of crazy people. There is a patient in the asylum of Utica who has been getting up a steamboat whose engine shall be worked with Epsom salts. Another gentleman, in an adjoining room proposes to put eliptic springs under Niagara to "ease the water when it jumps,"—while a third is busily engaged in getting out timber for "a six bladed horse," and a leather frying pan. The philosopher who said that the only reason lunatics differ from other people was because they are more largely imaginative than other folks, was not as far out in his reasonings as some folks imagine.

Tourists in America.—Miss Bremer has won for herself no enviable reputation for truth or accuracy in her work on this country. The Southern Christian *Advocate* says that her description of a camp meeting held near Charleston, at which she was present, "is a broad caricature;" and the *New York Evening Post*, in its notice of her work, points out how unfortunate she has been in her description of United States Senators. She says that Governor Seward, who is a native of Orange county, New York, is a Bostonian.—Dickinson, of New York, she describes as a "cold-blooded Senator from Alabama." Col. Benton carries a pistol and a bowie-knife.—Foote is a nervous little man, who, on one occasion, placed a pistol on Benton's breast; but the deadly weapon was taken from his hand by the Senator from Alabama, and upon examination it was proved to be unloaded. Miss Bremer likens Benton to a hawk, and Foote to a dove, and entertains the opinion that the dove is in considerable danger from the hawk.

Mr. Foote, will, no doubt, feel himself highly flattered by the comparison! The dove of Mississippi! Sweet bird!

Be Yourself.—Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton. Every great man is unique.—Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these.—*Emerson.*

Plain Talk.—Rev. Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, Mass., was famous for talking with correctness of speech. In one of his published discourses we find the following passage, which was addressed to his people:

"Your habits are so firmly fixed, that no reformation is to be expected during my ministry; and indeed it would require more power in the Deity to effect it, than it did to create the world, for when he created the world he had only to say, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' *He had no opposition.* But to bring you to a sense of justice and equity, he must overcome your private, personal attachments to your supposed worldly interest, and that would require more power than it did to create the world!"—*Boston Tran.*

☞ The French papers speak of a new invention called the musical bed. It is so constructed that the pressure of the body causes the performance of one or more operas, according to the length of the slumber. A dial is placed at the head of the bed with a minute hand to be set to the hour when the sleeper wishes to awake; and when this hour arrives a grand *finale* is executed from Verdi, with intimations of trombone, and kettle drums, sufficiently loud not only to waken, but to inspire a lively disposition to get up!

Durability of Wood.—The piles under the London Bridge have been driven five hundred years and on examining them in 1846, they were found to be little decayed. Old Savoy Place, in the city of London, was built six hundred and fifty years ago, and the wooden piles, consisting of oak, elm, beech, and chestnut, were found upon recent examination to be perfectly sound. Of the durability timber in a wet state, the piles of a bridge built by the Emperor Trajan, over the Danube, afford a striking example. One of these piles was taken up and found to be petrified to the depth of three fourths of an inch; but the rest of the wood was not different from its former state, though it had been driven 1600 years.

Professor Neuman, of Munich, one of the most renowned oriental scholars, thoroughly conversant with the Chinese language is about to emigrate to the U. S. He is one of those men who, both by character and scholarship, are a valuable acquistion for America.

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☞ The Salem Register says that Abbott Lawrence has announced his intention of bestowing $50,000 on the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, in addition to the same amount given by him to that institution some eight years ago.

☞ A correspondent at Peru, Illinois, mentions the following "circumstance" in a note to the editor. It struck us in the perusal as a somewhat novel standard of "standing," and one not altogether flattering to our western friends:—"Mr. S.—— applied for admission into the Presbyterian Church by card dated in 1848, which the "authorities of the church" were disposed to consider rather an ancient "letter of credit;" but the difficulty was overcome by Mr. S——, who guessed he was, and had been all the time, "as good a Christian as most Western men." He "passed" without further question.

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☞ Shun a man who doesn't pay his compliments to the ladies. He who is wanting in honor towards curls and corsets, will invariably attempt to dodge the grocer, tailor and butcher. Faithlessness to the dimity institution is a sure sign of a want of principle, piety and a good "bringing up."

☞ Time brings about some queer revolutions. A writer in Putnam's Monthly says, that the man who will be President of the United States in 1900, is, in all likelihood, running barefoot at this very moment among the blackberry bushes of Oregon, while the leader of the next war of invasion is not the son of an ex-Congressman, but the youth that will be corrected next week for giving a pair of black eyes to an apple vender in the vicinity of the Five Points.

☞ The pimples on a toper's face are an old fashioned sort of "spiritual manifestations." They cannot be said to come exactly from beyond the grave; but they show clearly that the "medium" is hurrying himself toward the grave.

☞ Frederika Bremer says she does not think much of the beauty of American men or women. An exchange says that the American women or men do not think much of the beauty of Miss Bremer. It would be difficult to imagine how any body could.